

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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## THE DUKE'S CHILDREN.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER XXI. SIR TIMOTHY BEESWAX.

THERE had lately been a great Conservative reaction in the country, brought about in part by the industry and good management of gentlemen who were strong on that side; but due also in part to the blunders and quarrels of their opponents. That these opponents should have blundered and quarrelled, being men active and in earnest, was to have been expected. Such blunderings and quarrellings have been a matter of course since politics have been politics, and since religion has been religion. When men combine to do nothing, how should there be disagreement? When men combine to do much, how should there not be disagreement? Thirty men can sit still, each as like the other as peas. But put your thirty men up to run a race, and they will soon assume different forms. And in doing nothing, you can hardly do amiss. Let the doers of nothing have something of action forced upon them, and they, too, will blunder and quarrel.

The wonder is that there should ever be in a reforming party enough of consensual action to carry any reform. The reforming Liberal party in British politics had thus stumbled—and stumbled till it fell. And now there had been a great Conservative reaction! Many of the most Liberal constituencies in the country had been untrue to their old political convictions. And, as the result, Lord Drummond was Prime Minister in the House of Lords—with Sir Timothy Beeswax acting as first man in the House of Commons.

It cannot be denied that Sir Timothy

had his good points as a politician. He was industrious, patient, clear-sighted, intelligent, courageous, and determined. Long before he had had a seat in the House, when he was simply making his way up to the probability of a seat by making a reputation as an advocate, he had resolved that he would be more than an Attorney-General, more than a judge—more, as he thought it, than a Chief Justice; but at any rate something different. This plan he had all but gained—and it must be acknowledged that he had been moved by a grand and manly ambition. But there were drawbacks to the utility and beauty of Sir Timothy's character as a statesman. He had no idea as to the necessity or non-necessity of any measure whatever in reference to the well-being of the country. It may, indeed, be said that all such ideas were to him absurd, and the fact that they should be held by his friends and supporters was an inconvenience. He was not in accord with those who declare that a Parliament is a collection of windbags, which puff and blow and crack to the annoyance of honest men. But to him Parliament was a debating place, by having a majority in which, and by no other means, he—or another—might become the great man of the day. By no other than parliamentary means could such a one as he come to be the chief man. And this use of Parliament, either on his own behalf or on behalf of others, had been for so many years present to his mind, that there seemed to be nothing absurd in an institution supported for such a purpose. Parliament was a club so eligible in its nature that all Englishmen wished to belong to it. They who succeeded were acknowledged to be the cream of the land.

They who dominated in it were the cream of the cream. Those two who were elected to be the chiefs of the two parties had more of cream in their composition than any others. But he who could be the chief of the strongest party, and who therefore, in accordance with the prevailing arrangements of the country, should have the power of making dukes, and bestowing garters, and appointing bishops, he who by attaining the first seat should achieve the right of snubbing all before him, whether friends or foes, he, according to the feelings of Sir Timothy, would have gained an Elysium of creaminess not to be found in any other position on the earth's surface. No man was more warmly attached to parliamentary government than Sir Timothy Beeswax; but I do not think that he ever cared much for legislation.

Parliamentary management was his forte. There have been various rocks on which men have shattered their barks in their attempts to sail successfully into the harbours of parliamentary management. There is the great senator who declares to himself that personally he will have neither friend nor foe. There is his country before him and its welfare. Within his bosom is the fire of patriotism, and within his mind the examples of all past time. He knows that he can be just, he teaches himself to be eloquent, and he strives to be wise. But he will not bend; and at last in some great solitude, though closely surrounded by those whose love he had neglected to acquire—he breaks his heart.

Then there is he who, seeing the misfortune of that great one, tells himself that patriotism, judgment, industry, and eloquence will not suffice for him unless he himself can be loved. To do great things a man must have a great following, and to achieve that he must be popular. So he smiles and learns the necessary wiles. He is all for his country and his friends—but for his friends first. He too must be eloquent and well instructed in the ways of Parliament, must be wise and diligent; but in all that he does and all that he says he must first study his party. It is well with him for a time—but he has closed the door of his Elysium too rigidly. Those without gradually become stronger than his friends within, and so he falls.

But may not the door be occasionally opened to an outsider, so that the exterior force be diminished? We know how great

is the pressure of water; and how the peril of an overwhelming weight of it may be removed by opening the way for a small current. There comes therefore the statesman who acknowledges to himself that he will be pregnable. That, as a statesman, he should have enemies is a matter of course. Against moderate enemies he will hold his own. But when there comes one immoderately forcible, violently inimical, then to that man he will open his bosom. He will tempt into his camp with an offer of high command any foe that may be worth his purchase. This too has answered well; but there is a Nemesis. The loyalty of officers so procured must be open to suspicion. The man who has said bitter things against you will never sit at your feet in contented submission, nor will your friend of old-standing long endure to be superseded by such converts.

All these dangers Sir Timothy had seen and studied, and for each of them he had hoped to be able to provide an antidote. Love cannot do all. Fear may do more. Fear acknowledges a superior. Love desires an equal. Love is to be created by benefits done, and means gratitude, which we all know to be weak. But hope, which refers itself to benefits to come, is of all our feelings the strongest. And Sir Timothy had parliamentary doctrines concealed in the depths of his own bosom, more important even than these. The statesman who falls is he who does much, and thus injures many. The statesman who stands the longest is he who does nothing and injures no one. He soon knew that the work which he had taken in hand required all the art of a great conjuror. He must be possessed of tricks so marvellous, that not even they who sat nearest to him might know how they were performed.

For the executive or legislative business of the country he cared little. The one should be left in the hands of men who like work; of the other there should be little, or if possible, none. But Parliament must be managed—and his party. Of patriotism he did not know the meaning; few, perhaps, do beyond a feeling that they would like to lick the Russians, or to get the better of the Americans in a matter of fisheries or frontiers. But he invented a pseudo-patriotic conjuring phraseology, which no one understood but which many admired. He was ambitious that it should be said of him that he was far-and-away the cleverest of his party. He knew himself to be clever. But he

could only be far-and-away the cleverest by saying and doing that which no one could understand. If he could become master of some great hocus-pocus system which could be made to be graceful to the ears and eyes of many, which might for awhile seem to have within it some semi-divine attribute, which should have all but divine power of mastering the loaves and fishes, then would they who followed him believe in him more firmly than other followers who had believed in their leaders. When you see a young woman read a closed book placed on her dorsal vertebra—if you do believe that she so reads it—you think that she is endowed with a wonderful faculty. And should you also be made to believe that the same young woman had direct communication with Abraham, by means of some invisible wire, you would be apt to do a great many things as that young woman might tell you. Conjuring, when not known to be conjuring, is very effective.

Much, no doubt, of Sir Timothy's power had come from his praiseworthy industry. Though he cared nothing for the making of laws, though he knew nothing of finance, though he had abandoned his legal studies, still he worked hard. And because he had worked harder in a special direction than others around him, therefore he was enabled to lead them. The management of a party is a very great work in itself; and when to that is added the management of the House of Commons, a man has enough upon his hands even though he neglects altogether the ordinary pursuits of a statesman. Those around Sir Timothy were fond of their party; but they were for the most part men who had not condescended to put their shoulders to the wheel as he had done. Had there been any very great light among them, had there been a Pitt or a Peel, Sir Timothy would have probably become Attorney-General and have made his way to the bench; but there had been no Pitt and no Peel, and he had seen his opening. He had studied the ways of members. Parliamentary practice had become familiar to him. He had shown himself to be ready at all hours to fight the battle of the part he had joined. And no man knew so well as did Sir Timothy how to elevate a simple legislative attempt into a good faction fight. He had so mastered his tricks of conjuring that no one could get to the bottom of them, and had assumed a look of preternatural gravity

which made many young members think that Sir Timothy was born to be a king of man.

There were no doubt some among his older supporters who felt their thralldom grievously. There were some lords in the Upper House and some sons of lords in the Lower—with pedigrees going back far enough for pride—who found it irksome to recognise Sir Timothy as a master. No doubt he had worked very hard and had worked for them. No doubt he knew how to do the work, and they did not. There was no other man among them to whom the lead could be conveniently transferred. But yet they were uncomfortable—and perhaps a little ashamed.

It had arisen partly from this cause that there had been something of a counter reaction at the last general election. When the Houses met the Ministers had indeed a majority, but a much lessened majority. The old Liberal constituencies had returned to an expression of their real feeling. This reassertion of the progress of the tide, this recovery from the partial ebb which checks the violence of every flow, is common enough in politics; but at the present moment there were many who said that all this had been accelerated by a feeling in the country that Sir Timothy was hardly all that the country required as the leader of the county party.

#### CHAPTER XXII. THE DUKE IN HIS STUDY.

IT was natural that at such a time, when success greater than had been expected had attended the efforts of the Liberals, when some dozen unexpected votes had been acquired, the leading politicians of that party should have found themselves compelled to look about them and see how these good things might be utilised. In February they certainly had not expected to be called to power in the course of the existing session. Perhaps they did not expect it yet. There was still a Conservative majority—though but a small majority. But the strength of the minority consisted, not in the fact that the majority against them was small, but that it was decreasing. How quickly does the snowball grow into hugeness as it is rolled on—but when the change comes in the weather how quickly does it melt, and before it is gone become a thing ugly, weak, and formless! Where is the individual who does not assert to himself that he would be more loyal to a falling than to a rising friend? Such is



perhaps the nature of each one of us. But when any large number of men act together, the falling friend is apt to be deserted. There was a general feeling among politicians that Lord Drummond's Ministry—or Sir Timothy's—was failing, and the Liberals, though they could not yet count the votes by which they might hope to be supported in power, nevertheless felt that they ought to be looking to their arms.

There had been a coalition. They who are well read in the political literature of their country will remember all about that. It had perhaps succeeded in doing that for which it had been intended. The Queen's government had been carried on for two or three years. The Duke of Omnium had been the head of that Ministry; but during those years had suffered so much as to have become utterly ashamed of the coalition—so much as to have said often to himself that under no circumstances would he again join any Ministry. At this time there was no idea of another coalition. That is a state of things which cannot come about frequently—which can only be reproduced by men who have never hitherto felt the mean insipidity of such a condition. But they who had served on the Liberal side in that coalition must again put their shoulders to the wheel. Of course it was in every man's mouth, that the duke must be induced to forget his miseries and once more to take upon himself the duties of an active servant of the state.

But they who were most anxious on the subject, such men as Lord Cantrip, Mr. Monk, our old friend Phineas Finn, and a few others, were almost afraid to approach him. At the moment when the coalition was broken up, he had been very bitter in spirit, apparently almost arrogant, holding himself aloof from his late colleagues—and, since that, troubles had come to him which had aggravated the soreness of his heart. His wife had died, and he had suffered much through his children. What Lord Silverbridge had done at Oxford was matter of general conversation, and also what he had not done.

That the heir of the family should have become a renegade in politics was supposed greatly to have affected the father. Now Lord Gerald had been expelled from Cambridge, and Silverbridge was on the turf in conjunction with Major Tifto! Something, too, had oozed out into general ears about Lady Mary—something which

should have been kept secret as the grave. It had therefore come to pass that it was difficult even to address the duke.

There was one man, and but one, who could do this with ease to himself—and that man was at last put into motion at the instance of the leaders of the party. The old Duke of St. Bungay wrote the following letter to the Duke of Omnium. The letter purported to be an excuse for the writer's own defalcation; but the chief object of the writer was to induce the younger duke once more to submit to harness.

“Longroyston, 3rd June, 187—.

“DEAR DUKE OF OMNIUM,—How quickly the things come round! I had thought that I should never again have been called upon even to think of the formation of another Liberal Ministry; and now, though it was but yesterday that we were all telling ourselves that we were thoroughly manumitted from our labours by the altered opinions of the country, sundry of our old friends are again putting their heads together.

“Did they not do so they would neglect a manifest duty. Nothing is more essential to the political well-being of the country than that the leaders on both sides in politics should be prepared for their duties. But for myself, I am bound at last to put in the old plea with a determination that it shall be respected. ‘Solve senescentem.’ It is now, if I calculate rightly, exactly fifty years since I first entered public life in obedience to the advice of Lord Grey. I had then already sat five years in the House of Commons. I assisted humbly in the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, and have learned by the legislative troubles of just half a century that those whom we then invited to sit with us in Parliament have been in all things our worst enemies. But what then? Had we benefited only those who love us, would not the sinners also—or even the Tories—have done as much as that?

“But such memories are of no avail now. I write to say that after so much of active political life, I will at last retire. My friends, when they see me inspecting a pigsty or picking a peach, are apt to remind me that I can still stand on my legs, and with more of compliment than of kindness will argue therefore that I ought still to undertake active duties in Parliament. I can select my own hours for pigs and peaches, and should I, through the dotage



of age, make mistakes as to the breeding of the one or the flavour of the other, the harm done will not go far. In politics I have done my work. What you and others in the arena do will interest me more than all other things of this world, I think and hope, to my dying day. But I will not trouble the workers with the querulousness of old age.

"So much for myself. And now let me, as I go, say a parting word to him with whom in politics I have been for many years more in accord than with any other leading man. As nothing but age or infirmity would to my own mind have justified me in retiring, so do I think that you, who can plead neither age nor infirmity will find yourself at last to want self-justification, if you permit yourself to be driven from the task either by pride or by indifference.

"I should express my feeling better were I to say by pride and diffidence. I look to our old friendship, to the authority given to me by my age, and to the thorough goodness of your heart, for pardon in thus accusing you. That little men should have ventured to ill-use you has hurt your pride. That these little men should have been able to do so, has created your diffidence. Put you to a piece of work that a man may do, you have less false pride as to the way in which you may do it than any man I have known; and, let the way be open to you, as little diffidence as any. But in this political mill of ours in England, a man cannot always find the way open to do things. It does not often happen that an English statesman can go in and make a great score off his own bat. But not the less is he bound to play the game, and to go to the wicket when he finds that his time has come.

"There are, I think, two things for you to consider in this matter, and two only. The first is your capacity, and the other is your duty. A man may have found by experience that he is unfitted for public life. You and I have known men in regard to whom we have thoroughly wished that such experience had been reached. But this is a matter in which a man who doubts himself is bound to take the evidence of those around him. The whole party is most anxious for your co-operation. If this be so—and I make you the assurance from most conclusive evidence—you are bound to accept the common consent of your political friends

on that matter. You perhaps think that at a certain period of your life you failed. They all agree with me that you did not fail. It is a matter on which you should be bound by our opinion rather than by your own.

"As to that matter of duty I shall have less difficulty in carrying you with me. Though this renewed task may be personally disagreeable to you, even though your tastes should lead you to some other life—which I think is not the case—still, if your country wants you, you should serve your country. It is a work as to which such a one as you has no option. Of most of those who choose public life—it may be said that were they not there, there would be others as serviceable. But when a man such as you has shown himself to be necessary, as long as health and age permits he cannot recede without breach of manifest duty. The work to be done is so important, the numbers to be benefited are so great, that he cannot be justified in even remembering that he has a self.

"As I have said before, I trust that my own age and your goodness will induce you to pardon this great interference. But whether pardoned or not I shall always be your most affectionate friend,

"ST. BUNGAY."

The duke—our duke—on reading this letter was by no means pleased by its contents. He could ill bear to be reminded either of his pride or of his diffidence. And yet the accusation which others made against him were as nothing to those with which he charged himself. He would do this till, at last, he was forced to defend himself against himself by asking himself whether he could be other than as God had made him. It is the last and the poorest makeshift of a defence to which a man can be brought in his own court! Was it his fault that he was so thin-skinned that all things hurt him? When some coarse man said to him that which ought not to have been said, was it his fault that at every word a pen-knife had stabbed him? Other men had borne these buffets without shrinking, and had shown themselves thereby to be more useful, much more efficacious; but he could no more imitate them than he could procure for himself the skin of a rhinoceros or the tusk of an elephant. And this shrinking was what men called pride—was the pride of which his old friend wrote! "Have I ever been haughty, unless in my own defence?"

he asked himself, remembering certain passages of humility in his life—and certain passages of haughtiness also.

And the duke told him also that he was diffident. Of course he was diffident. Was it not one and the same thing? The very pride of which he was accused was no more than that shrinking which comes from the want of trust in oneself. He was a shy man. All his friends and all his enemies knew that; it was thus that he still discoursed with himself; a shy, self-conscious, timid, shrinking, thin-skinned man! Of course he was diffident. Then why urge him on to tasks for which he was by nature unfitted?

And yet there was much in his old friend's letter which moved him. There were certain words which he kept on repeating to himself. "He cannot be justified in even remembering that he has a self." It was a hard thing to say of any man, but yet a true thing of such a man as his correspondent had described. His correspondent had spoken of a man who should know himself to be capable of serving the state. If a man were capable, and was sure within his own bosom of his own capacity, it would be his duty. But what if he were not so satisfied? What if he felt that any labours of his would be vain, and all self-abnegation useless? His friend had told him that on that matter he was bound to take the opinion of others. Perhaps so. But if so, had not that opinion been given to him very plainly when he was told that he was both proud and diffident? That he was called upon to serve his country by good service, if such were within his power, he did acknowledge freely; but not that he should allow himself to be stuck up as a ninepin only to be knocked down! There are politicians for whom such occupation seems to be proper—and who like it too. A little office, a little power, a little rank, a little pay, a little niche in the ephemeral history of the year, will reward many men adequately for being knocked down.

And yet he loved power, and even when thinking of all this allowed his mind from time to time to run away into a dreamland of prosperous political labours. He thought what it would be to be an all-beneficent prime minister, with a loyal majority, with a well-conditioned unanimous cabinet, with a grateful people, and an appreciative Sovereign. How well might a man spend himself night and day, even to death, in the midst of labours such as these.

Half an hour after receiving the duke's letter he suddenly jumped up and sat himself down at his desk. He felt it to be necessary that he should at once write to his old friend—and the more necessary that he should do so at once, because he had resolved that he would do so before he had made up his mind on the chief subject of that letter. It did not suit him to say either that he would or that he would not do as his friend advised him. The reply was made in a very few words. "As to myself," he said, after expressing his regret that the duke should find it necessary to retire from public life—"as to myself pray understand that whatever I may do I shall never cease to be grateful for your affectionate and high-spirited counsels."

Then his mind recurred to a more immediate and, for the moment, a heavier trouble. He had as yet given no answer to that letter from Mrs. Finn, which the reader will perhaps remember. It might indeed be passed over without an answer; but to him that was impossible. She had accused him in the very strongest language of injustice, and had made him understand that if he were unjust to her, then would he be most ungrateful. He, looking at the matter with his own lights, had thought that he had been right, but had resolved to submit the question to another person. As judge in the matter he had chosen Lady Cantrip, and Lady Cantrip had given judgment against him.

He had pressed Lady Cantrip for a decided opinion, and she had told him that she, in the same position, would have done just as Mrs. Finn had done. He had constituted Lady Cantrip his judge, and had resolved that her judgment should be final. He declared to himself that he did not understand it. If a man's house be on fire, do you think of certain rules of etiquette before you bid him send for the engines? If a wild beast be loose, do you go through some ceremony before you caution the wanderers abroad? There should not have been a moment! But, nevertheless, it was now necessary that he should conform himself to the opinion of Lady Cantrip, and in doing so he must apologise for the bitter scorn with which he had allowed himself to treat his wife's most loyal and loving friend.

The few words to the duke had not been difficult, but this letter seemed to be an Herculean task. It was made infinitely more difficult by the fact that Lady Can-

trip had not seemed to think that this marriage was impossible. "Young people when they have set their minds upon it do so generally prevail at last!" These had been her words, and they discomfited him greatly. She had thought the marriage to be possible. Had she not almost expressed an opinion that they ought to be allowed to marry? And if so, would it not be his duty to take his girl away from Lady Cantrip? As to the idea that young people, because they have declared themselves to be in love, were to have just what they wanted—with that he did not agree at all. Lady Cantrip had told him that young people generally did prevail at last. He knew the story of one young person, whose position in her youth had been very much the same as that of his daughter now, and she had not prevailed. And in her case had not the opposition which had been made to her wishes been most fortunate? That young person had become his wife, his Glencora, his duchess. Had she been allowed to have her own way when she was a child, what would have been her fate? Ah, what! Then he had to think of it all. Might she not have been alive now, and perhaps happier than she had ever been with him? And had he remained always unmarried, devoted simply to politics, would not the troubles of the world have been lighter on him? But what had that to do with it? In these matters it was not the happiness of this or that individual which should be considered. There is a propriety in things—and only by an adherence to that propriety on the part of individuals can the general welfare be maintained. A king in this country, or the heir or the possible heir to the throne, is debarred from what might possibly be a happy marriage by regard to the good of his subjects. To the duke's thinking the maintenance of the aristocracy of the country was second only in importance to the maintenance of the Crown. How should the aristocracy be maintained if its wealth were allowed to fall into the hands of an adventurer!

Such were the opinions with regard to his own order of one who was as truly liberal in his ideas as any man in England, and who had argued out these ideas to their consequences. As by the spread of education and increase of general well-being every proletaiire was brought nearer to a duke, so by such action would the duke be brought nearer to the proletaiire. Such drawing-nearer of the classes was

the object to which all this man's political action tended. And yet it was a dreadful thing to him that his own daughter should desire to marry a man so much beneath her own rank and fortune as Frank Tregear.

He would not allow himself to believe that the young people could ever prevail; but nevertheless, as the idea of the thing had not alarmed Lady Cantrip as it had him, it was necessary that he should make some apology to Mrs. Finn. Each moment of procrastination was a prick to his conscience. He now therefore dragged out from the secrecy of some close drawer Mrs. Finn's letter, and read it through to himself once again. Yes—it was true that he had condemned her, and that he had punished her. Though he had done nothing to her, and said nothing, and written but very little, still he had punished her most severely.

She had written as though the matter was almost one of life and death to her. He could understand that too. His uncle's conduct to this woman, and his wife's, had created the intimacy which had existed. Through their efforts she had become almost as one of the family. And now to be dismissed, like a servant who had misbehaved herself! And then her arguments in her own defence were all so good—if only that which Lady Cantrip had laid down as law was to be held as law. He was aware now that she had had no knowledge of the matter till his daughter had told her of the engagement at Matching. Then it was evident also that she had sent this Tregear to him immediately on her return to London. And at the end of the letter she accused him of what she had been pleased to call his usual tenacity in believing ill of her! He had been obstinate—too obstinate in this respect; but he did not love her the better for having told him of it.

At last he did put his apology into words.

"MY DEAR MRS. FINN,—I believe I had better acknowledge to you at once that I have been wrong in my judgment as to your conduct in a certain matter. You tell me that I owe it to you to make this acknowledgment—and I make it. The subject itself is, as you may imagine, so painful that I will spare myself, if possible, any further allusion to it. I believe I did you a wrong, and therefore I write to ask your pardon.

"I should perhaps apologise also for



delay in my reply. I have had much to think of in this matter, and have many others also on my mind. Believe me to be, yours faithfully,  
"OMNIUM."

It was very short, and as being short was infinitely less troublesome at the moment than a fuller epistle; but he was angry with himself, knowing that it was too short, feeling that it was ungracious. He should have expressed a hope that he might soon see her again—only he had no such wish. There had been times at which he had liked her, but he knew that he did not like her now. And yet he was bound to be her friend! If he could only do some great thing for her, and thus satisfy his feeling of indebtedness towards her! But all the favours had been from her to him and his.

#### SCOTTISH UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

A SCOTTISH university has been described by English observers as an unruly day-school. The description is not flattering. As applied, however, by men whose ideas of a university have been formed by Oxford or Cambridge, it is accurate enough. No two things classed under the same name could be less alike than Scottish and English universities. The former were from the first modelled on the great school of Paris, and are still much more like the Continental than the English places of learning. Nor are the students more alike than their colleges. The Scotch are, to begin with, much younger than the English. They commence their studies at an age when an English public school boy is still in the fourth form, and in too many cases they have less than a fourth form boy's scholarship.

A little Latin and the Greek alphabet constitute the outfit in learning of the lads, whose gaudy red cloaks make bright the streets of Aberdeen or St. Andrews. And it shows how much learning, and love of learning, must still linger in some quiet corners in Scotland, that all of them should be able to obtain even that minimum, and that a few should bring to their university no contemptible degree of Latin scholarship at least. For the Scottish student comes, as a general rule, from a class which seldom sends men to either of the great English universities. The small farmer, the parish schoolmaster, or the local tradesman, supply the great majority. The laird or wealthy merchant brings his

son up in the genteel element of Glenalmond, and then sends him to Balliol. To be moneyed and Episcopalian are fast becoming synonymous terms north of the Tweed. The course is over by the time that a lad has reached the age at which he must begin to work for himself. This has even more to do than the question of expense with inducing parents of narrow means to send their sons to the university. Many English fathers would be willing enough to sacrifice as much of their savings as would enable a hopeful boy to do his proper number of terms, if they did not fear to see him fall behind his contemporaries in the race. Not a few probably who could well afford the outlay are deterred by the same consideration, more than by the fear of seeing their sons contract habits and ways of thinking ill-fitted for a struggling man of business. In this respect the Scottish universities have a further advantage. No one is likely to contract luxurious habits, or be taught that the proof of a gentleman is a certain indifference in money matters, in any of them. A considerable proportion of the students are sons of residents in the town. Living in families where thrift is considered nearer godliness than is cleanliness, they are never able, even if they be willing, to indulge in any extravagances. The students who come up from distant shires are as little able to do so. They are sent forth supplied with just as much money as, spun out with parsimony, will keep body and soul together till the end of the term. Often it is not enough without the help of one of the numerous small bursaries established for the cultivation of learning on a little oatmeal. Legends float down from generation to generation of a student who came on foot—and barefoot, to save his only pair of boots—from Skye, or even farther, to the foundation of Archbishop Kennedy. A very small knapsack contained all his wardrobe, and, according to popular belief, he lived through the term on a very hard cheese, brought from home in a canvas bag. The more sceptical insist that there must have been some porridge added, but they find it hard to explain how; for it stands on record that his money barely sufficed for the payment of his lodgings. A very small sum would do. Even now, when a man can, and for some time must, live out of college, an English university student would recoil from the den where the poorer of the Scotchmen read, sleep, and, at least

occasionally, eat. But to the legendary hero it was luxury. At home, in the small farm or parish schoolmaster's house where his family live, he had for bed half of a bunk divided from the kitchen by a shutter. His young brother shared it with him. At college he had a room all to himself, in the loftiest flat of some towering stone house, or perhaps the spare bedroom (ten feet by five) of a fisherman's hut. This is probably a saga, the poetical ideal of a reality which affords a very sufficient basis. In such rooms, and on scarcely better fare, do hundreds of Scottish students struggle through their four years' curriculum with no more help in their studies or for their pockets from home or their alma mater. If they learn anything it is almost entirely due to their own exertions. As there is nothing resembling the English tutors to look after the lads the whole instruction consists in the lectures of the professors. As they, again, cannot possibly look after individuals in classes numbered by the hundred, they can only scatter the seeds of learning, and trust that they may fall on good ground. The student must take away from lecture whatever he can carry, and get what help he can from it as he tackles his logic or Greek by the light of a lamp which he shares with a comrade for economy's sake. Many of those who attend the classes are not students at all; they may be men of business or teachers in inferior schools, who go simply to hear any professor who has the reputation of being an able man and good speaker. Few of the regular students intend to take the M.A. degree which answers to the pass of Oxford or Cambridge. It is, perhaps, this state of things which induces some of the professors to lecture as if they were addressing the general public, avoiding details, and often talking far over the heads of many of their hearers.

This system is plainly not very well fitted to produce accurate and elegant classical scholars. It is impossible to drill lads well in details under such conditions. Superficiality in that branch of learning is its besetting sin. Its philosophy is likely to be better than its Greek, and so are its mathematics. Indeed, the few Scottish university men who find their way to Oxford or Cambridge shine rather in the first and last than in classics. For the same reason, as much as for considerations of money, those Scotchmen who wish to carry their studies farther than their native schools can help them find their

way—and always have found their way—rather to the Continent than to England. In former times it was to Paris, now it is to Germany. It may be objected that a university system which confessedly cannot complete the education of its pupils is scarcely worthy of the name. But if the Scottish universities do not turn out scholars capable of turning a police report into anacronisms they are not wholly useless. They keep alive in the lower and middle classes some interest in intellectual matters. It is better that the clerk or shopkeeper should have even a superficial knowledge of literature and philosophy than that he should have none—the most hackneyed quotation in the English language to the contrary notwithstanding. If, again, the end of education is to fit men to hold their own in the struggle for existence, the number of Scotchmen who make a fairly creditable figure in the world may be cited as a proof that their education was not wholly bad.

Perhaps the end of a university is not to turn out one admirable classical scholar and ninety-nine fine gentlemen who are good cricketers. But the social training of the Scottish student leaves far more to be desired than his education in book-learning. There is nothing in his life to answer to the influences which mould the character and manners of the Englishman. What is worse, there is a strong opposition in some quarters to the introduction of any.

A certain prominent if not learned Scottish professor lately thought proper to warn his students against the corrupting effect that residence at Oxford would have on them, in the language not uncommon in an angry university don. They were threatened with becoming lickspittles and oiled puppies, or words to that effect. Somewhat, too, there was about growing like the mountain-pine, and so on. Now, what all this means in plain language is that the professor has an uneasy feeling that the Scottish university student has but too much the manners of a bear-cub, and his university too strong a resemblance to a bear-garden, and that instead of wishing to mend such a state of affairs he is angry at having it pointed out. There is no question here of the instruction given. Until the endowments are greatly increased the teaching body must remain restricted to a handful of lecturers. And, even so, the lad who wishes to learn can do so very well. If he cannot make himself a scholar

north of the Tweed he will not do so to the south. What calls most urgently for remedy is a system which leaves hundreds of lads to their own devices in "a corrupt European city full of smoke and sin," as Mr. Carlyle long ago complained. Their birth and poverty prevents them from having any social standing. In many cases they know nobody in the city where they are supposed to be studying. If they do study it is too often in a sordid isolation. When they do not they are perfectly at liberty to misspend their time as they please. In obscure lodgings scattered in all quarters they are safe from the eye of the authorities, even if there were any authority empowered to control them when once out of the lecture-room. The townspeople hold aloof from them. There is no sort of collegiate bond; no attempt, or next to none, to supply them with wholesome occupation of any sort. Athletics do employ them to a certain extent, but athletics are expensive in a city where ground is valuable. So they are thrown entirely into the society of the worse part of the inhabitants of the town, and for want of a little looking after numbers of them who are capable of better things only prove the truth of Burns's bitter gibe at the whole body. They look naturally for some amusement, and finding themselves shut out from most others they fall back, under the guidance of the bad characters, on whisky as the cheapest and handiest. As the monotony of life becomes worse each term, so does the need for whisky as a relief increase, till the expression to drink like a divinity student (who are those who have passed the arts curriculum) has become almost a proverb. With such an organisation, or rather want of organisation, the wonder is that the Scottish universities do any good at all, not that they do no more. The reason, no doubt, is that a fair proportion of the students have a sincere desire to learn. It is to be hoped that some of the attention given to these bodies will be directed some day to looking after the students when out of the lecture-room. Any of the many commissions on the Scottish universities would have been better employed in following the example set them in that respect by Principal Forbes and his successor, Principal Shairp, at St. Andrews, than in watering the not-too-severe course of studies with scraps of science dignified by the title of useful information, which has been the chief outcome of their labours hitherto.

## FALLING LEAVES.

WHERE the welcome snowdrop peeping  
Whispered Spring awakes from sleeping;  
Where the primrose, maiden pure,  
Nestled 'mid her leaves secure;  
Where the violet, sweet and shy,  
Blossomed 'neath a kindred sky;  
Where the flush of summer noon,  
Brooded o'er the rose of June,  
Where, in golden autumn weather,  
Fruit and flowers grouped together,  
Rich in royal Nature's dress  
Glowed in lavish loveliness;  
Everywhere in dale and wood,  
O'er blighted bloom and withered bud,  
While the grey cloud o'er them grieves,  
Gather fast the falling leaves.

Where young pulses sprang to life;  
Where the bold will dared the strife;  
Where sweet first love, trembling, shrinking,  
Present, Past, and Future linking,  
Wrapt two hearts in fairy dreams;  
Where a true soul's noble schemes  
Soared to happy thoughts of giving  
To the poor and lowly living;  
Where in the dazzling distance showing,  
In fancy richest booms bestowing  
Luring youth o'er gulf and bar,  
Fame's proud shrine shone fair and far;  
While Fate looks on, and Time bereaves,  
Hopes fall fast as falling leaves.

Yet, 'neath each russet rustling heap,  
Roots form fast, and blossoms sleep;  
Sheltered in the kindly mould,  
From the bitter, biting cold,  
All the flowers we prize so well,  
Hide till April breaks the spell,  
And calls them forth to glen and plain,  
To prank the joyous earth again.  
So, oh weary heart and hand,  
Mourning for the changed or dead,  
Trust and wait. Our Master's rhyme  
Says "My faith is large in time;"  
To some benignant purpose yet  
Work wrong and loss and grief and fret.  
Patience her perfect end achieves:  
Trust in the life beneath the leaves.

## CHRISTMAS LITERATURE.

NOT quite so busy as usual the gift-book market, this frosty season of 1880. Fewer books, and those we have not quite so gorgeous as last year. But there is a fair supply after all.

Here is a very gem of a boy's Christmas book; the sort of thing for which when I was a boy I would almost, if pocket-money was too scarce for the purchase, have bartered away a week of my Christmas holidays: *Model Yachts, and Model Yacht Sailing!* An odd book you think for Christmas-tide, and one that would have been rather more seasonable had Messrs. Griffith and Farran kept it back for, say, another six months? Not at all. In another six months or so half its value will be gone, at all events till Christmas-tide comes round again. Certainly this is not exactly the weather to go a-boat-sailing, unless, perhaps, in those great



ice-boats on metal runners which make such glorious time over the frozen waters of North America. But there is a good deal to be done with a model yacht besides sailing her. I wouldn't give a fig for a yacht out of a shop, or, for the matter of that, for the boy who would condescend to buy one. Of course if Uncle Jack goes and buys one for him—and it must be confessed that, according to mamma, Uncle Jack has an unerring instinct in the purchase of gifts that are likely to conduce to the wetting of feet, the destruction of wardrobes, and the general jeopardising of life and limb—then of course he must make the best of her. But even then I don't look upon him as fit to be owner of a yacht at all, even a purchased one, if he does not forthwith find it necessary to alter her rig, if not her hull, from stem to stern and from truck to keelson. But the real possession is the yacht which you have built and rigged yourself, and if you can find me a finer indoor occupation for a Christmas holiday I promise to be as grateful to you as I am now to Mr. Walters and to Messrs. Griffith and Farran. But till then I pin my faith on yacht-building, and here is what a score or two years ago I would have given half my year's pocket-money for—a short, clear, readable little sketch of real scientific principle reduced to such simple practice, and illustrated in so plain a style as must surely put life into the fingers' ends of the veriest muff that ever rapped his own knuckles instead of the nail. Mr. Walters takes his vessel from the very beginning, the simple block of deal, "well seasoned, and as free from knots and cracks as possible," say thirty-nine inches long, thirteen wide, and eight in depth or thickness. Indeed, he begins even before this; one of the most interesting chapters of this delightful little book being that in which he recounts the experiments by which he ultimately arrived at these dimensions and proportions as best adapted for a model yacht. A series of very simple diagrams shows the gradual development of the Storm Along's lines from the first water-line section of the mackerel which served for their foundation, to their final perfection as modified by study of the structure of a duck. I wish he had given us the actual deck-lines of the duck herself as he has of the mackerel, for, as he points out, the former is obviously the model for a craft designed to travel over rather than through the water. "The top

of the water," as Mr. Walters justly observes, "is alive, and easily displaced in any direction save downwards. The deeper one goes the stiller it is, and the more difficult to displace." This important step in the process, however, he has, oddly enough, omitted, but the result is given in diagrams of the two yachts Golden Crest and Storm Along; and when I say that they present as nearly as possible the proportions of a Californian pilot-schooner, you will see that our builder's calculations have not carried him very wide of the mark. Then we get a short chapter telling us "how to make deck-fittings, rudders, &c.," this latter, according to ordinary views, rather important "fixing" being regarded by our author, by-the-way, almost as a superfluity. In fact, he goes so far as to counsel the unshipping it altogether except for running dead before the wind, and then it is just to be hung loose on the pintles without wheel, yoke-lines, tiller, or any other means of shifting or lashing it. Mr. Walter's theory is that a model yacht should steer by her sails, and he maintains stoutly that if these be properly cut and properly trimmed a properly modelled boat can be made to sail for any time at any number of points on either side of the wind to which you may desire to lay her course. Which gives an additional importance to the chapter on "How to make the sails and set them," and a very capital little chapter it is, with capital diagrams, by the aid of which you ought to be able to cut a suit of sails that shall throw steam quite "out of time." After which you will probably require a little practice before you can effectively carry out the instruction in Chapter Six, "How to sail and steer a model yacht;" but such help as anything short of actual experience can give this chapter will give admirably. And finally, you will find a list of all the materials requisite for your building operations, with the sort of shop they are to be got at and the price you will have to pay for them. These last, I fancy, are calculated on a rather liberal basis. A block of deal, for instance, thirty-nine inches long by eight thick and thirteen wide, might surely be got for less than half-a-sovereign? This, however, is a detail, and if an error at all is at least an error on the safe side.

A curious feature in the year's season literature is the sudden outburst of classics and quasi-classics. Messrs. Seeley and Co. lead the way with *A Traveller's*

True Tale, after the Greek of Lucian of Samosata, by Alfred J. Church, M.A., Head Master of King Edward's Grammar School, Retford. Here we have the Moonfolk and their manners and customs, with the battle between them and the Sunfolk, wherein the latter are at first worsted, but ultimately, by help of the Cloud-Centaurs, retrieve their losses, and not only rout and utterly crush the Moonfolk but carry off Lucian himself and his companions as prisoners to the court of King Phaeton. We visit Lantern City and Ocean Forest, Milk and Cheese Island, and the City of Dreams, the Island of the Blessed, and the Island of the — other-than-Blessed. We are swallowed up by the monster whose more than aldermanic appetite has provided in his own capacious interior not only companions of our captivity but an ample tract of country for us to cultivate. We encounter fish-folk, and flea-folk, and ox-headed people, and pumpkin-pirates, and the cork-footed travellers who walk the sea without necessity of boat or fear of shipwreck. And throughout the journey we have the pleasant company of Mr. C. O. Murray, whose admirable illustrations, as spirited in execution as they are appropriate in style, are the life of the book. Messrs. Blackie and Son follow suit in graver fashion with a book of Myths and Legends of Ancient Greece and Rome, illustrated from antique sculptures. Here, also, the illustrations, though in many cases little more than mere outlines, and in the ordinary style of wood engraving, are most carefully and delicately executed. Notably Hebe is a very dainty little figure, and Hippolita, raging through the battle with the rough lion-skin floating wildly about her charger's flanks, is drawn with much spirit. I don't know what the authority is for the Colossus of Rhodes, nor, so far as I remember, have I ever seen a representation of that brazen monster before. But if the present sketch be authentic, as I suppose it is, he must have been a marvel of balancing, at any rate. In Mr. Chambers's "Stories from the Greek Tragedians," Messrs. Seeley and Co. have again adopted the duo-tint mode of illustration so effective in their Lucian, but this time, as befits the subject, in severer form and on a dead black ground. Shall I be confessing myself superannuated and rococo if I own to a certain feeling of gratitude to Mr. Church for having here told us the stories not of

Alkestis and Polynikes and the rest of the uncomfortable crew, but of my old school-friends Polynices and Alcestis. I came just now, in the Myths and Legends, across an article headed "Nyx," and the words of Eton Latin Grammar (comic edition) rushed instantly into my mind: "This reminds of the Italian Opera." Only it was the Beggars' Opera, not the Italian. Mr. Church tells us, and tells us very well and pleasantly, of the Love of Alcestis, the Vengeance of Medea, the Death of Hercules, the Seven against Thebes, Antigone, Electra, Iphigenia, and numerous others, compressing and omitting where he has thought it advisable, and succeeding in producing from the grand old canvases of Sophocles and Euripides a series of very effective little outline sketches on the plan of Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.

In Messrs. Kegan, Paul, and Co.'s Old Celtic Romances, translated from the Gaelic by P. W. Joyce, LL.D., &c., we descend to the classics of our own more modern literatures. These quaint old romances are not illustrated, but they are told with much spirit, and some of the notions are really droll. Occasionally the narrator breaks out into verse, as in the case of the "extraordinary monster" in the walled island sighted during the voyage of Maildun, who took his daily exercise by continually turning himself completely round and round in his skin, the bones and flesh moving while the skin remained at rest. At the end of the chapter devoted to the prose account of this most fearful wildfowl, the chronicler as it were snatches up his harp, and repeats the tale lyrically:

In a wall-circled isle a big monster they found,  
With a hide like an elephant, leathery and bare,  
He threw up his heels with a wonderful bound,  
And ran round the isle with the speed of a hare.  
But a feat more astounding had yet to be told,  
He turned round and round in his leathery skin,  
His bones, and his flesh, and his sinews he rolled,  
He was resting outside while he twisted within.  
Then changing his practice with marvellous skill,  
His carcase stood rigid and round went his hide;  
It whirled round his bones with the speed of a mill,  
He was resting within while he twisted outside!  
But Maildun and his men put to sea in their boat,  
For they saw his two eyes looking over the wall,  
And they knew by the way that he opened his throat  
He intended to swallow them, coragh and all.

Another book from the same firm, of a somewhat similar cast though distinct enough both in subject and in style of treatment, is the capital volume of Popular Romances of the Middle Ages, by Sir George W. Cox, M.A., Bart., and Eustace Hinton Jones. This book has already, it

seems, gone through one edition, and ought to go through several more. It contains, the authors believe, all the most important tales which formed the great body of mediæval legend or folk-lore, the object being to present them to modern readers "in a form which shall retain their real vigour without the repulsive characteristics imposed on them by a comparatively rude and barbarous age." Especially to be commended is the rule laid down of not attempting to throw over those old heroic tales "a colouring borrowed from the sentiment of the nineteenth century."

And now for a plunge into the very heart and inmost essence of the period of this "so-called" nineteenth century, which seems to have such a peculiar knack of arousing in its occupants such passionate extremes of depreciation and eulogy. Messrs. Seeley and Co.'s *Sun, Moon, and Stars*, a Book for Beginners, by Agnes Giberne, is a book that not only would never have got itself written or even planned at all in any previous century, but would have been impossible in its entirety in the first half, one might almost say the first three quarters, of this. When I was a good little boy and used to have Christmas gift-books sent to me, not "with the publisher's compliments," but with warmer inscriptions from Uncle John and Aunt Mary, an author who should have gravely proposed to illustrate his festive volume with, amongst other sketches of the kind, an elaborately coloured planetscape of Midnight in Saturn, would have run a considerable chance of qualifying himself for the authorship of a companion work under the title of Christmas in Colney Hatch. Miss Giberne chats quite familiarly of what may fairly and without offence be called "outlandish" scenery of this kind, congratulating herself, with what really seems to be actual personal experience, upon that comparative lightness of foot which enables not only the indigenous Lunatic himself, but the more earthly visitor, to hop skip and jump a hundred feet or so at a time up the towering precipices which form the rugged sides of the mountains of the veritable moon. Almost equally at home is she in the mighty sun itself, though here the knowledge is admittedly only that of observation from a respectful distance. And, indeed, when I read of little outbursts of flame fifty thousand miles high, of cyclones travelling at a speed of well over twenty thousand

miles an hour, and of gaps suddenly opening out in unexpected places large enough to contain half-a-dozen or more worlds, and at the bottom some half-a-dozen times, perhaps, hotter than white-hot iron, only looking quite dark, you know, from sheer force of contrast with the really high temperature of the sides and top, I am not conscious myself of any very vehement desire for a personally-conducted excursion in this interesting region. Nay, I should be sorry for Miss Giberne herself to attempt it, for she has written a very charming little book as it is, and it would be a pity to go and make an *auto da fê* of herself instead of staying quietly here, and writing another for next Christmas.

Of solid literature the supply is perhaps more emphatically short of the usual quantity than in other respects, and on the whole I am not inclined to condole very seriously with my young friends upon the deficiency. Still, Messrs. Warne and Co.'s *Poems and Essays of Charles Lamb*, forming their Christmas volume of the Chandos Library, is a capital book, and will be a pleasant companion for many a grown-up Christmas by-and-by. So, also, is the *Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, with *Life, Glossary, &c.*, of the same firm; this latter, moreover, having the additional advantage of numerous illustrations, some of them of a high class. Messrs. Routledge's *School Boy*, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, has a smack of Wordsworth, but with a decidedly modern cast. I don't quite know what Wordsworth would have said to *Planchette*. I am sure, however, he would have been delighted with some of the illustrations of this very decided edition de luxe, printed throughout on one side only of the cardboard-like cream-coloured paper. Messrs. Kent and Co.'s contribution to the literature of the season is a very neat little pocket edition of *Milton*, clearly printed on toned paper, and forming a couple of handy little volumes, one of which might very fairly be carried in each waistcoat pocket. White's *Natural History of Selborne*, with illustrations, is another excellent addition to the Chandos Library, and brings at least a pleasant suggestion of summer rambles by shady hedges and purling streams to warm our frozen noses withal. Then, if historically disposed, which, personally speaking, I am not, particularly at Christmas time, Messrs. Routledge have ready for us a compact little volume about *The Great Civil War*,



viewed chiefly from a Cromwellian standpoint. Mr. Davenport Adams's *Red Rose and The White*, by the same firm, goes happily back beyond the region of passionate politics, and surrounds instruction with a certain redeeming atmosphere of romance. Then there is a *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, by Charles Macfarlane, with illustrations by Horace Vernet and others, some parts of which, especially those pages preceding one Eighteenth Brumaire, have a not altogether inappropriate interest even at this Christmas season of 1879. Wellington's Victories, with which Messrs. Routledge wind-up the solid list, follow, of course, naturally upon Napoleon Bonaparte, and are welcome at any time of any year.

With Messrs. Strahan and Co.'s *Black Forest, its People, and Legends*, by L. G. Séguin, we cross the Channel and find ourselves in one of the most interesting and so far least hackneyed among the easily reachable parts of the Continent. There is plenty of information here for those who want it, and plenty of livelier matter for those who don't; both excellent qualities in a Christmas book. Anyone who is thinking of exploring the Black Forest next summer should get it as a matter of course. Those who have no hope of ever doing so should get it all the more, and by its aid enjoy the journey in fancy without the trouble of leaving their own fireside. Messrs. Thomas Nelson and Son's *Yusuf and his Friends*, by Sara K. Hunt, is the story of an American family trip to the Land of Egypt, lightly and pleasantly told, and with just a thread of unobtrusive moralising running through it. After all the hard things we are so constantly being told of Christian converts in the East, it is pleasant to come across one more successful example, even if he be only a small donkey-boy in the streets of Cairo.

And so we drift by easy gradations into the great stream of adventure, more or less true and always acceptable, which forms as usual one of the most prominent features of the season's literature. Perhaps Messrs. Blackie and Son's *Episodes of Discovery* belongs more properly to the serious phalanx, but there is adventure enough about it to excuse a greater sin. The indefatigable Mr. W. H. G. Kingston supplies us with three stirring volumes published under the auspices of three different firms. Through Messrs. Routledge and Sons he furnishes

the *Stories of Notable Voyages* from the first voyage of Columbus, Anno Domini 1492, to the three voyages of Captain Parry in Search of a North-West Passage from 1819 to 1824. I don't remember ever to have experimented upon the possibility of holding a fire in my hand by thinking of the frosty Caucasus, though I have before now had to do my best to cloy the hungry edge of appetite with bare imagination of a feast—and, I may add, have failed with orthodox completeness in the attempt. But if anything short of a fire, or a brisk bout of football or skating, could warm one this weather it would be one of these pleasant old tales of the *Hecla* or the *Fury*, frozen solid six months long, or those charming night watches in the lofty crow's nest with the thermometer mercury dropped clean out of sight. Under the flag of Messrs. Nelson and Sons Mr. Kingston carries us to quite another part of the world, making a bold raid into the comparatively unexplored wilds of New Granada. Here we have the element of war introduced into his tale of adventure, and war of the thorough-going savage sort, where, if you are vanquished, you may reckon with much greater certainty upon being shot after an engagement than during its progress. I cannot say that Mr. Kingston's description of a Paramo at all tempts me to make an excursion into New Granada; but it is a pleasantly grisly thing to read about over a good fire, and with a sufficient supply of liquid refreshment within reach. Of the two I think I would rather accompany Mr. Kingston with Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton on a visit to Hendricks the Hunter, in whose gallant company, if I escaped being gobbled by crocodiles, or pounded by elephants, or rent by lions, or mummified by boa-constrictors, or butted by buffaloes, or spread out generally into a thin paste by whatever may be the plural number of rhinoceros, I should be at all events sure of lots of exciting sport, to say nothing of a personal introduction to his late majesty King Panda and his hopeful sons Cetewayo and Umbalasi.

I wonder what Mr. George M. Towle's authority was for the rig of the great caravels in which he sends his hero to sea in Messrs. Routledge's spirited little story of *Vasco da Gama*. It looks effective, with its square-rigged foremast and huge felucca sails at main and mizen. The story is put almost into novel form, and is much more interesting than a good many orthodox

three volume specimens of that genus. The same firm's *Jaspar the Gaucho* is one of Mayne Reid's dashing stories of American adventure, and by no means one of the least successful. Messrs. Marcus Ward's *Adventures in Many Lands*, by Parker Gilmore, and Messrs. Frederick Warne and Co.'s *Sport in Many Lands*, by the Old Shekarry, are both reprints of works too widely known and too generally appreciated to need any further mention than that of their titles. As for *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Swiss Family Robinson*, by Messrs. — whoever it may be, they must have miscarried somehow in the delivery. I cannot believe it possible that a Christmas should have passed without a single new edition of either, especially as *Uncle Tom* has duly put in his perennial reappearance, liberally provided by Messrs. Routledge with luxury of all kinds in the way of type, paper, and illustration.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's *All True*, by Dr. Macaulay, is a sort of connecting link between the adventurous and the didactic, much to be valued of adventure-loving boys over whose Sunday literature a careful watch is kept, and so we come to a batch of more or less "good books." Messrs. Strahan and Co.'s handsome quarto volume, *The Day of Rest*, with Sunday reading enough in it for all the fifty-two Sundays of the year; a smaller but still handsome quarto of *Stories that came True*, by Prudentia, contributed by the same firm for the benefit of somewhat younger folk; *Her Benny*, a *Story of Street Life*, by Silas J. Hocking; *Helen Leslie*, or a *Little Leaven*, by Darley Dale, both published by Messrs. Warne and Co.; *Eyebright*, by Susan Coolidge, the only contribution of Messrs. Routledge to this class; *Under the Oaks*, by the Author of *Little Hazel*, &c., Nelson and Sons; and *In Prison and Out*, by Isbister, from the always welcome pen of Hesba Stretton, complete this portion of the season's list, and all are pleasant little stories with a moral as unobtrusive as is consistent with the being kept always in sight.

And now comes a battalion of story books, doughtily headed by the good old *Tales of a Grandfather*, in six hundred and forty solid pages of rather small type, from the inexhaustible shelves of Messrs. Routledge. From the same storehouse come *True as Steel*, a spirited story of the Franco German War, from the French of Madame Colomb; and *The Roll of the Drum*, a thorough-going boy's book by R.

Mounteney Jephson, the writer of the day, if there be one, to whom I think we may look with some hope for a successor to Harry Lorrequer himself. Messrs. Strahan and Co. have a set of five story books: *Sly Boots*, by Beata Francis; *The Good-Natured Bear*, by R. Hengist Horne; *The French Village*, by L. G. Séguin, another of whose pleasant contributions to the season's literature I had occasion to mention just now; *Marquise de Rosette*, by Baroness E. Martineau; and *The Girls of the Square*, by Mrs. O'Reilly; all good stories, chiefly for girls, and all uniformly bound in a novel and very effective style—on the whole, I think in this respect the most tasteful products of the season—and, finally, we have *Making or Marring*, a pleasant little volume in fancy boards belonging to Messrs. Warne and Co.'s Blue Bell series.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co.'s single Christmas volume changes the scene to fairy land, or at all events to that modern substitute, of which Alice may be considered the Vespuccio if not the Columbus. *The Tapestry Room*, by Mrs. Molesworth, is not perhaps quite up to the mark of Lewis Carroll, but it is a very pretty little story for all that. Messrs. Routledge of course follow suit with a handsome volume of *Other Stories*, by the Right Honourable E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M.P., with some capital illustrations by Ernest Griset; and the fairy list winds up with two massive reprints, both from Messrs. Warne and Co., one containing the collected fairy tales of the immortal Hans Andersen, and the other the almost equally favourite stories of the Brothers Grimm.

Coming down to children of a smaller growth, Messrs. Routledge head the list with an édition de luxe of *Mary Russell Mitford's Children of the Village*, with illustrations by Barnes, Sulman, Moore, Wilson, Tuck, Ellen Edwards, and a host of others. Miss Edwards comes out in what, to me at least, is quite a new line, as a drawer of landscape, and a very delicious little English homestead she has given us, besides some dear little boys or girls more in her ordinary style. *The Legends of King Arthur*, by the same firm, is also a capital and thoroughly wholesome gift-book, not altogether beneath the notice of some of the elders. *Friends Over the Water*, by M. Betham Edwards, and *Seppel*, or the *Burning of the Synagogue of Munich*, by Gustav Nieritz, are from Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, and have both more or less

of a moral purpose, more prominently put forward, perhaps, in the latter of the two. In the preface to *Tales from Ariosto*, published by Messrs. Kegan, Paul, and Co., the writer frankly confesses that she has of course left out all that was unsuited to her purpose, and "mercilessly curtailed" what she has translated. Accepting which no doubt necessary limitations she has done her work as well as it probably could be done. *Daddy Swallow, &c.*, from Messrs. Seeley, Jackson, and Co., is a pleasant little story, chiefly noteworthy for some capital chromo-lithographic illustrations; and we wind up this branch of the subject with Messrs. Griffith and Farran's *Young Vocalist*, a collection of twelve songs by Colley Cibber, James Montgomery, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Adelaide Procter, L.E.L., and others, with pianoforte accompaniments by Mendelssohn, Von Weber, Spohr, Mozart, and other composers. With *Hand Shadows on the Wall*, Messrs. Griffith and Farran take us, perhaps, a step lower; but the exceedingly elaborate finger problems of this ingenious collection, including Mrs. Gamp, the Duke of Wellington, Shakespeare, Mr. Punch, and other celebrities, may well tax the skill of the most experienced in shadow craft. It will be the elders, too, if fancy, who will most thoroughly appreciate the excellent illustrations to *Mustard and Cress*, by Messrs. Seeley and Co. Nor is the *Bird and Insect Post-Office*, of the same firm, a whit behind in this respect, though instead of the elaborate coloured pictures of the former we have here only the ordinary form of engraving.

Wherewith we come to picture-books, pure and simple, for children of very small growth, indeed, and children of no growth at all. Here especially Messrs. Routledge and Co. run absolute riot with *Little Poppy's Picture Book*, and *Little Rosebud's Picture Book*, and the *Cat Picture Book*, and the *Dog Picture Book*, and *Tiny's Natural History* in words of four letters, all five delightful little quarto volumes, crammed with pictures from title page to finis, and lovely in rich liveries of green and brown, and gold and silver and grey; and *Little Robin's Picture Book* as thick as any three of them; and the *Oscar Pletsch Picture Book*, evidently from the German and with a pleasant foreign air about it; and *The Nursery Picture Book*, with quite a new and artistic treatment of our dear old friend *Cinderella* among its crowd of ducks and puppies, and good and naughty boys, and scenes from *Don Quixote*, and

odds and ends of all kinds; and the great folio *Imperial Natural History Book* whose wonderful picture of the *Stork's Nests at Strasbourg* is alone worth the price of the whole book. Messrs. Warne confine themselves in this branch to a single handsome quarto of short nursery tales called *Aunt Louisa's Birthday Gift Book* gaily illustrated with full-page coloured pictures, and Messrs. Griffith and Farran to another which under the title of *The Favourite Picture Book* gives us a host of illustrations of almost every kind, some in the latest style of modern art, and others in that of a hundred years ago. Messrs. Dean and Son go in as usual for marvellous mechanical imaginings, the most important of which, a handsome quarto entitled *Pictures to Amuse with Tales to Please*, seems to have been expressly constructed on the sound commercial principle of teaching children how to spoil their books by doubling down the leaves in unexpected places, with a view to the production of unanticipated effects. *Golden Days of Childhood*, another large work by the same firm, must, I think, have unintentionally undergone some such process of transmutation in the press. There is at least one poem of a very pronounced religious type, which reads oddly alongside of *Dog Toby*. But the *Pantomime Toy-books*, with their wonderful panorama performances of *Puss in Boots*, and *Blue Beard*, and the *Sleeping Beauty*, and *Aladdin*, and *Cinderella*, are, if anything, more gay and gorgeous than ever, and might almost—not quite, you know—obviate the necessity of that annual visit to the theatre; whilst the *Little Folks' Living Nursery Rhymes*, with its capital moving pictures of *Daddy bumping up and down on his horse*, and *Tom, the Piper's Son*, running bodily away with the pig in his arms, is a perfect triumph of ingenuity and artifice. And, finally, Messrs. Nelson and Son have a very prettily illustrated book of *Bird Pictures*, two of which—the *Pelicans* and the *Hérons*—would be quite worth framing; while Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. devote to the little ones a couple of thin quartos of *Animals* and a couple more of *The Parables of Our Lord*, illustrated, especially the latter, with a more than usual display of the artistic skill and taste of which they have made their firm a special representative.

And so I come at last to the odd books; not volumes of any special eccentricity in themselves, but with an aggravating dis-



inclination to be classified. Messrs. Griffith and Farran's *Golden Threads* from an Ancient Loom is the story of the Nibelungenlied retold in an artistic quarto, with illustrations by Julius Schnorr, a handsome present for children of the largest growth. Strahan's *Grand Annual for the Young* is a sort of gigantic Peter Parley of the period with something in it for all sorts and sizes. Excursions into *Puzzledom*, by Messrs. Griffith and Farran, is a collection by the late Tom Hood and his sister of pictorial proverbs, double acrostics, logogriphs, and other ingenious devices for the cultivation of water on the brain. Messrs. Nelson and Son's *Famous Parks and Gardens of the World* describes itself, and in the taste and finish of its illustrations does ample justice to a subject which gives scope for both; and Messrs. Kegan, Paul, and Co.'s *Art of Furnishing on Rational and Aesthetic Principles*, by H. J. Cooper, a capital little practical treatise on an art even now very insufficiently understood, is appropriately followed by the last and, physically speaking, least upon my list, *The Wedding-Day Book*, an eminently suggestive little volume, devoted, as it seems to me, to the encouragement, I will not say of polygamy, but of absolute pantogamy, with space for the entry of four marriages on each of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, and mottoes more or less appropriate for each.

But no. Not the last, after all. I am feebly endeavouring to realise the probable result on my physical and moral organisation of a præter-Solomonic establishment of one thousand four hundred and sixty-one wives per annum—allowing for Leap Year—when a belated parcel makes its appearance with the compliments of Messrs. Nisbet and Co. Opening which the first volume I take up seems to be “meant ironical,” for it bears the singularly inappropriate title of “*Post Haste!*” It looks, however, like an amusing story of life in the Post Office, by R. M. Ballantyne. The second, a *Life Mosaic*, is a handsome little volume of poems, secular and religious, interspersed with well-executed chromolithographs chiefly of Swiss views. In *Stories of the Cathedral Cities*, Miss Marshall tells pleasantly some of the more prominent episodes in the cathedral history of Canterbury, York, London, Westminster, Winchester, Durham, Carlisle, and Chester; and a very handsomely got-up *Book of Job*, printed in poem form and richly illustrated by Sir John Gilbert,

brings me to the end, not, indeed, of my patience, but of my paper, and finally closes, for me at all events, the literary chronicle of Christmas, 1879.

## LEARNING TO COOK.

### A LESSON FROM AN OLD MASTER.

PARISINA came excitedly up. She was loaded with a mottled-bound, thick, and heavy volume, that was her much-used copy of *Shakespeare*. She was lightened (the possession seemed to make her so glad) with a dear little tiny booklet, of the quaintest style, of the yellowest paper, of the most deliciously antiquated type, weighing, for all of its one hundred and sixty delicately-margined pages and a charming gold-tooled parchment cover, exactly the large weight of two ounces and a quarter.

“See!” she began, with a page of her big poet open ready for her finger, and her finger pointing to a passage, “here is a dinner ordered by Justice Shallow for Falstaff, and ordered by him of William, his cook, as a good dinner, that he may use Falstaff well, because ‘a friend i’ the court is better than a penny in purse;’ and here, in this delightful little *Elizabethan Cookery Book*, is the very way which we may be certain was the way in which William, cook, cooked it.”

It had interest undoubtedly, and Parisina was encouraged to proceed.

“Well,” she said, “Shallow says to his serving man: ‘Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legg’d hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kick-shaws, tell William, cook.’ And here, at *Recipe Nine of Delightes for Ladies*, division *Cookerie and Housewiferie*, printed in 1605, it says ‘To Boyle Pigeons with Rice;’ and I can see William, the cook, down at that ‘goodly dwelling and a rich’ in Gloucestershire, among his posnets and pottles, his apt vessels, and ladles, and skimmers, and fleetinge-dishes, setting about the first item of his master’s dinner quickly. He has to ‘boyle them in mutton broth, putting sweet herbes to fill them;’ he has to ‘take a little rise and boyle it in creame, with a little whole mace;’ he has to ‘season it with sugar, lay it thick on their breasts, wringing also the juice of a lemmun upon them;’ and in that way he had to serve them. Is it not a pleasant picture?”

It was, but Parisina was reminded that, possibly, Shallow’s pigeons were roasted.

Her answer was that there was no proof of it. She was reminded that, at any rate, they need not have been boiled in rice. She answered, getting heated, that there was no proof of that. She was reminded that perhaps William, the justice's cook, had no rice at hand, no mace, sugar, lemons. She answered that he had been in the habit of going to Hinckley Fair, she knew, for he had lost a sack there, as Davy begged his master to remember, and he was to be charged the price of that sack when next he was paid his wages.

"And what," ran Parisina's argument, volubly and triumphantly, "was William's object in going to Hinckley Fair?" which, she admitted, now she came to look at the topic closely, was a long way from Gloucestershire for convenience, although near enough for ungeographic Shakespeare—"unless it was to buy cooking commodities that the Shallow patrimony could not furnish, and that yet he was obliged to have for a gentleman's household, when guests arrived to see that gentleman, and he wished his guests to be treated properly."

It was allowed to pass, chiefly because, just for enjoyable provocation, Parisina was going to be treated with two reminders more. One was that Justice Shallow did not live in the time of Elizabeth, but of Henry the Fourth; considering which, how could a Tudor Cookery Book be taken as illustration of the doings of a Bolingbrokean worthy, living nearly two centuries earlier? Parisina answered stoutly that Shakespeare put nothing back two centuries, nor one century, nor half a century, as everybody acknowledged; that Shakespeare spoke of things as he felt them, and as he saw them before his eyes; the consequence of which was that Elizabeth was Henry Bolingbroke, or Henry Bolingbroke was Elizabeth, which ever seemed the nicest, and time was confounded.

The other reminder was that, conceding this much, which was tantamount to conceding that Shakespeare saw and dined off pigeons, as Sir Hugh Platt, the author of *Ladies Delights*, saw and dined off pigeons, there was the certain fact that 1605, the date of Sir Hugh's book, could not be said to be an Elizabethan date, since the manly queen had died in 1603.

Parisina was on her own ground at this objection, and dismissed it masterfully. "Is a cookery-book," she cried, with a superior air, "a piece of literature that

gives the experience of the month in which it was compiled? Or does it give the experience of years and years before its compilation, when roastings were being basted, and drippings gathered, and boilings scummed, and bakings every now and then 'proved' for lightness? Absurd! Why, of course, a cookery-book covers ten years or twenty years at least before a publisher gets it, and this will take a book printed in 1605 back to 1595 or 1585 nicely, and in either of these there is a date that is Elizabethan through and through."

It was true incontestably, with, furthermore, Sir Hugh's own words exultingly pointed at: "Neither can I esteeme this worke to be of lesse than twenty yeares standing;" and intimation was given to Parisina that her position was granted her, that she might show all that she was in the vein for.

"Well," she began briskly, taking instant advantage, "having set before you Mr. Justice Shallow's boiled pigeons, I am now going to present you with his second course—his short legg'd hens. These were boiled also, and boiled in 'faire water.' Then William, cook, was to 'boyle a few currans by themselves and a date quartered, least you discolour your broth;' and he was to take 'a ladle full or two of mutton broth, and a little white wine, a little whole mace, a bundle of sweete hearbs, a little marrowe, some almonds, sugar, and verjuice, to which he was to put his boiled date and currants; and he was to put the whole of this, chopped and mixed, on to his hens' breasts, and was to leave it there. If he had no almonds to thicken this appetising chest-plaister, he might use cream or yolks of eggs, but in either case he was to garnish his dish with sliced lemon and sugar; and now, as I said before, only with variations, wasn't that a pretty dish to set before Sir John?"

"I come now," said Parisina, proceeding, with her own eyes bright, and her own tone cheery, "I come, now, to my third dish, the joint of mutton. I confess that this, if only for variety, might have been roasted, but, to serve my purpose, I am not going to let it be roasted for all that. I shall give it you 'after the French fashion,' as Sir Hugh Platt enjoins. The reason is, for one thing, because the French are not given to legs of mutton much nowadays, so I shall show something of their mediæval individuality; the reason is, for another thing, because I want to point out what would have been good guests' food in England in my author's time, when

there was intention to give rich 'regaling.' And, dear me, if richness and trouble go hand in hand, the French fashion for mutton must have reached rare perfection. My friend William, cook, was to have ox suet to help dress his joint; he was to have grated bread, sweet cream, yolks of eggs, sweet herbs, currants, raisins of the sun, nutmegs, mace, pepper, and sugar. He was, further, to cut all the flesh out of his leg of mutton, taking it out at the 'but end,' and taking it out with such care that he was to preserve the skin perfectly whole. Then he was to mince all this mutton very small; he was to mix it up, when minced, with all the other ingredients minced to match, and he was to put it all back again into the leg's skin exactly as it had been before he had taken any of it out. Finally, having done this, my friend was to stew his metamorphosed leg in a pot, with a marrow-bone as accompaniment, and was to serve it up dry, with 'carrot-roots sliced' to eat with it, and 'gross pepper' cast upon the carrots."

The next item was "pretty little tiny kickshaws," and gave Parisina excellent opportunity.

"Mark," she cried, with her index finger very lively, in full fun and enjoyment, "mark that, any pretty little tiny kickshaws! Any! Shakespeare's Shallow or Shallow's Shakespeare leaves the choice of the kickshaws to William, cook, which is precisely the same thing as leaving the choice to me; and with a will I'll make it. I will have for my first kickshaw christall gelly. For this Sir Hugh Platt bids me take a knuckle of veale and two calves feete, my calves feete being flayed and scalded, and he bids me boile them in faire spring water, much, let it be noted, as I should do to-day. Then, when they are boyled ready to eate, Sir Hugh says to William, cook, and to me, confidentially: You may save your flesh and not boyle it to pieces, for if you do so the gelly will looke thicke. We are then to take a quart of the clearest of the same broth, and put it into a posnet, adding thereunto ginger, white pepper, six whole cloves, one nutmeg quartered, and one grain of musk, keeping them all whole, and putting them in a little bag, unless we want our jelly to be a fine amber colour, when we are to bruise the spices, and boil them in the broth loose. In either case we are to season our broth with four ounces of sugar candie and three spoonfuls of rose-water. and are to let it run through our jelly-bag, and so get cold."

Parisina was asked here whether she and William, cook, had moulds to pour their crystal jelly into; because, the reminder came, it was to be carried away by Davy, to feast Falstaff, and smarten the Justice's table; and was it made "tasty" by pretty shaping?

"Indeed, yes!" Parisina answered proudly. "We had moulds of very rare and strange devices, as Sir Hugh Platt called them, of much rarer and stranger devices than you will find anywhere now. My old master tells us how to cast rabbets, woodcocke, or any other little birds or beast from the life; and how to cast them of stiffe sugar-paste into moulds of plaster, stone, or wood; and he likewise tells us, being a very thorough Sir Hugh, and as good a master as is attainable, to first anoint our wodden moldes with oyle of sweete almonds, and our plaster and stone moldes with barrowes grease; which must be enough for downright convincing. Besides, he has himself invented a compounde waxe for moulding; "for so," he says, "your moulds will last long, as mentioned in my Jewel House, in the title of the Arte of Moulding and Casting, page sixty." And though this Jewel House is a different work to my dear little Delights for Ladies here, it shows how much thought was given to moulding, and I will just give you its full title."

Parisina was told that she really need not trouble. Parisina had her own way.

"It is the Jewel House of Art and Nature," she persisted, "containing divers rare and profitable inventions, together with sundry new experiments in the art of husbandry, distillation, and moulding; faithfully and familiarly set downe, according to the author's owne experience, by Hugh Platte, of Lincolnes Inn, gentleman."

The date was London, 1594. Parisina's notes enabled her to announce, in addition. The printer was Peter Short, dwelling on Bread Street Hill, at the signe of the Star. But Peter Short printed only; he handed over no copies to ladies in fardingales or to gallants in doublets, in exchange for nobles, marks, groats, half-farthings, or whatever coin it was convenient to them to tender. Those good subjects of Queen Elizabeth who wanted to buy a Jewel House were directed to go to Paules Churchyard. And many went, no doubt; for the book was published under the most high patronage of the Right Honourable Robert Devereux, Earle of Essex.

"Now," proceeded Parisina, "now

William and I will be as busy as you please in a moment, getting ready our second pretty trifle. See! we are going to beat half a pound of sweete almonds in a mortar, which Sir Hugh Platt tells us is the right way to make a leach. Then we shall straine the almonds with a pinte of sweete milke from the cow, and put unto it one graine of muske, two spoonfuls of rosewater, two ounces of fine sugar, and the weight of three whole shillings of isinglasse that is verie white. A kind of damson-cheese, it will be noted, for consistency; since we are to boyle it, then let all run through a strainer, and slice the same, and so serve it. Or a kind of blanc-mange, ready for helping in its cream-white slices, instead of being cut into at the time with a clumsy spoon. Besides, for housekeeping reasons, this slicing of the leach has great convenience. Supposing Sir John Falstaff, and the Justice, and Bardolph, only take a little of it to-day, William, cook, and I will rearrange the slices to-morrow, and make them look fresh and pretty for some other of the Justice's visitors!"

"Well, then," continued Parisina, "we are now going to make gingerbread. This is your gingerbread used at the court, says my old master, and used at all gentlemen's houses at festivall times; it is otherwise called drie leach. And as my gentleman householder has a festival on just now, he shall have gingerbread to grace it—I can see Elizabeth herself finding it toothsome—and the fact of its being dry leach connects it with our last kickshaw, and makes it nicely appropriate. Now, first, the ingredients. They are: three stale manchets—a manchet being a fine roll—an ounce of ginger, some cinnamon, liquorice, aniseed, sugar, and a quart of claret. The manchets are to be grated and sifted; the ginger and so on to be beaten and searced; then all are to be boiled in a posnet till they come to a stiff paste with often stirring of it. Afterwards it has to be driven out thin on a table—Elizabethan for rolled out thin on a paste-board—and cut out with moulds, the moulds being previously dusted with cinnamon, ginger, and liquorice, all mixed together into a fine powder. And, whilst we are grating our manchets and sifting our gratings, I will just tell you that I have absolute Shakespeare authority about gingerbread. Hotspur is my spokesman, when he wants his wife to swear like a lady, and give him a good mouth-filling cath. Have no sarsnet-surety for swearing, he tells her; the sort that would be

had by a comfit-maker's wife. Send all such pepper-gingerbread to velvet guards and Sunday citizens. And for Hotspur to have my little tiny kickshaws on his fiery tongue, brings my Sir Hugh Platt and William, cook, and me, into closer communion than ever."

Did people have gilt on their gingerbread in those times? Parisina was asked, to draw her back to her theme. On that point had she any evidence?

An overpowering quantity, judging from the hearty return and rapid manner.

"I find it under the head of jumbles," came the answer happily. "'To make jumbles,' says my Sir Hugh, telling us to take stated quantities of almonds, shortcake, eggs, carraway-seeds, and lemon-juice. These, when brought into paste, we are to roll into round strings, to cast into knots, and to bake. The baking done, they are to be iced—the ice being made of rose-water, sugar, and white of eggs—and then we are to take a feather and gild them, 'and so box them up, and you may keepe them al the yeere.'"

"And are jumbles gingerbread?" it was put, with a slight ahem, intended to mark Parisina's discomfiture. "Are knots and strings, made out of almonds, eggs, and carraway-seeds to be presented to intelligence as fitting representatives of the cocks and crowns, the lions, and cosy cottages, stamped out in thin flat slabs of golden gingerbread, and offered for sale in booths at country fairs?"

"Certainly not!" was Parisina's retort, unquenched, and with no vestige of discomfiture. "Neither are such materials, and such shapes, used for jumbles at the present day; but in that is the thought or mode of gilding confectionery just the same. Another instance is in making sugar-plate; a sweetmeat consisting of sugar, gum, white of eggs, and starch (three ounces of this to a pound of the first; only some comfit-makers, says Sir Hugh, put six ounces to the pound, for more gain). These, mixed well together, are laid into wooden moulds representing saucers, dishes, bowls, cards, and 'such like conceiptes;' and when all are dry and hard they are to be turned out of the moulds, just as we should turn out of moulds to-day, by knocking on the edge against a table, or by using a knife 'as they used to doe a dish of butter.' It is after this there comes the gilding. 'Lay the white of an egge round about the brim of the dish with a pensill,' says Sir Hugh; 'then presse the gold downe with some



cotton, and when it is dry, skew, or brush off, the golde with the foot of an hare or conie; the gold to be skewed, or brushed off, being that part, of course, that hangs as ragged edge over and above the pattern intended. Are you satisfied?"

Quite; or there should be pretence of satisfaction; and there was admission that these would have been pretty conceites, indeed, for the Justice's table.

"And yes," went on Parisina beamingly, "and I must tell you a little more. My dear Sir Hugh tells us, and tells us seriously, that we can make this sugar-plate the colour of violets, and the taste of violets, and the smell of violets, if we will only beat some violets in a mortar and mix them with our ingredients; and he tells us we may get primrose-colour and primrose-taste by beating up primroses; and marigold-colour, and so on, by beating up marigolds; and the same with cowslips, with bugloss, and with any other flower. It does seem such charming inexperience and credulity. However, you shall not see William, cook, and me put this coloured sugar-plate to trial; for we happened to have made some of the white kind a short time ago, and to have kept it in a box, as Sir Hugh Platt bid us; and we shall, therefore, now merely take a few of the pretty conceits out, for Davy to carry in, and we will show our skill on one or two dishes of another kind."

"And what do you say now," the excited lady proceeded, without a bit of a pause, "to prunes? At Windsor, see, in the house of one of the Merry Wives, Master Slender says he played at sword and dagger for a dish of stewed prunes, and that he can't abide the smell of hot meat since; and I haven't it in my heart, as my old master gives me prunes, to pass them over. Now look! Here is my fruit, and William puts them into scalding water. We boil them till they break; we strain them; we take away the stones and skins; we put back the pulp over the fire again, with 'a good quantitie of red wine and a convenient proportion of sugar' (Sir Hugh ordering with a certain vagueness hereabout); and then we stir all together as we boil; we put a little on a dish, and the rest, to keep, into gallipots, and Davy may away with them. Lastly, I listen to Pistol, when he is husband to Dame Quickly, and he and Bardolph have been hearing the account of Falstaff's death at that Boar's Head, in Eastcheap; and when Pistol says, 'Oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,' I turn to see

if Sir Hugh enlightens me concerning wafer-cakes, and finding that he does, I resolve that wafer-cakes shall be sent up for the living Falstaff's eating. They are so easily done, too, we can so quickly get them ready. 'Take a pinte of flower,' says my old master; and William reaches it me. Then, together, we put the flour 'into a little cream, with two yolks of eggs and a little rose-water, with a little searced cinamon and sugar; we worke them altogether, and bake the paste uppon hote irons.' Now, although I have said lastly, and although I meant lastly, may I have just one little tiny kickshaw over and above?"

There came the patient insinuation that there had already been seven sweet dishes provided for the Gloucestershire dinner-party, not one of which, possibly, either Falstaff, or Bardolph, or Mr. Shallow would look at.

Parisina interrupted to ask astonishedly, "Why?"

Because her guests were men, she was answered. She was not catering for Anne Boleyn, or Anne Page, or for Dame Quickly who said, "We'll have a posset for't at night, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire." Nor was she catering for a wedding banquet, as Lady Capulet and the nurse were, when they were handing one another the keys to fetch more spices and some dates and quinces for the pastry, after Capulet had sent his servant to hire him twenty cunning cooks, and they were all so over-busy over the baked meats (with a flavour of Hamlet in them), that the nurse told Capulet at last he was a cotquean, and he had better get him to bed. Shakespeare's men, Parisina was assured, calmly, and once more to disconcert her, liked such dishes as soused gurnet, that Falstaff spoke about on a road near Coventry; they liked cups of sack, and capon, mentioned by Prince Hal in his London palace; they liked the cold capon's leg of Poins; the garlic and cheese of Hotspur; the neat's tongue, beef, mustard, and tripe finely broiled, of Petruchio's Grumio; the rabbit, stuffed with parsley, that Biondello's maid went for into the garden; the pippins and cheese of Sir Hugh Evans; the ale and cakes that King Henry's porter thought the rascals were looking for when they rapped at the palace door to see the Princess Elizabeth's christening. Did not the Drawer cry: "What hast thou brought there? Apple-johns? Thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-john!" And why should

Parisina think, after this especially, that sweets would be wanted for such company, and that she would be wise to multiply them?

Parisina simply laughed, and followed her humour: "For every dish of that sort," she cried, "I can give you one of mine! Why, Petruchio speaks of a custard and an apple tart; Prince Hal of a pennyworth each of sugar and sugar-candy; Falstaff himself of kissing-comfits and snow eringoes, wishing these would rain upon him in Windsor Park; whilst my old cooking master tells me of comfits of every kind, sparing eleven of his one hundred and sixty pages to do it in, and he has his very first receipt in the book—see! how to preserve eringoes! There is more, too, if it were my plan. But it is not my plan; and after mentioning a thought of mine, I shall only pick up all the little bits of good that are to be picked up out of good Sir Hugh, and I will come to a conclusion."

"For my thought first, then," she went on, relishing her system. "It is here. There is a special reason for Elizabethan men and Shakespearian men (Shakespeare making them so, remember!) having been able to enjoy Sir Hugh Platt's confectionery dishes. Those dishes already named, and marchpane, to quote from his index, and borage candied, and visketello, and cherrie pulpe, and lettuce in sucket, and mulberries in gellie, and sugar musket, and quidini of quinces, and marmalade of damsons, and many more besides. There was no tobacco then; men didn't smoke! And so, listen! they could taste sweet things and like them!"

It affected Parisina nothing that she was met here by laughter. And with undisturbed calmness she proceeded.

My Lady Young's clowted creame was much recommended by Sir Hugh Platt, she related as one of her items. It was a simple manufacture. "Take your milke, beeing newe milked, and presently set it upon the fire from morning until the evening, but let it not seethe." Then a cheese had laudation: "It doe cut as close and firme as marmelade," this ran; "I have robbed my wife's dairy of the secret of it, who hath hitherto refused all recompences that have beene offered her by gentlewomen for the same. I suppose that the angelotes in France may bee made in this manner in small baskets, and so likewise of the Parmecsan; and you may keepe them when they begin to growe dry upon greene rushes or nettles."

A third matter was, How to avoid smoke in the broylinge of bacon, carbonado, &c.: "Make little dipping-pans of paper," says Sir Hugh, "pasting up the corners with starch or paste; wet them, and then lay them on your gridiron, and place therein your slices of bacon, turning them as you see cause. In the same manner you may also broile thin slices of Polonian sawedges, or great oysters, though you must be careful that your fire under the gridiron flame not, lest you happen to burn your dripping-pans; and therefore all colebrands are here secluded." This is a cleanly way; but Sir Hugh had, somehow, come across "M. Bartholomæus Scapius, the Maister Cooke of Pope Pius Quintus his privie kitchen," and this dignitary, besides showing Sir Hugh how to clarify sallet oyle and capon's grease, showed him how he dressed the Pope's oysters, as well as the Pope's bacon. It was by using the same little paper dipping-pans, but by having them made more cleanly still by touching them over with a feather first dipped in oil or molten butter.

"And a pretty Lady's Delighte this is, truly!" said Parisina, pausing, pardonably, for a moment, to make the reflection. "For it was this same Pope Pius Quintus who sent Mary Stuart the consecrated host, to have by her, ready for her execution; it was he who excommunicated Queen Elizabeth, depriving her of all title to the crown, and absolving her subjects from their oaths of allegiance, doing it in a bull that John Felton affixed to the gates of the Bishop of London's palace, and that John Felton was put to death for; and it is interesting, indeed, to get into this same pope's privie kitchen, and to find his Maister Cooke very particular as to how he fried his bacon!"

The text had to be turned to again, however; and Parisina was ready. There was Sir Hugh on the unpurchasable article, mustard meale. "It is usuall," he says, speaking as a travelled man, "in Venice to sell the meale of mustard in their markets, as we do flower and meale in England." The English might grind their seeds in a Dutch-iron handmill, or an ordinary pepper-mill, to be like the Venetians; to be better than the Venetians, they should then take away the husks or hulls by searce or boulder; afterwards they should put vinegar to the meal, and "in two or three days it becometh exceeding good mustard." And Sir Hugh "thoughte it verie necessarie to publish this manner of making of your sauce,

because our mustard which we buy from the chandlers at this daye is manie times made up with vile and filthy vinegar, such as our stomach would abhorre, if we should see it before the mixing therof with the seedes ;" in which Sir Hugh makes a little revelation that gives copious cause for Katharine's shrewish outcry, "The beef, and let the mustard rest !"

There was Sir Hugh on a cullis as white as snowe, and in the nature of gellie. "Take a cooke," is the courageous command, "scalde, washe, and drawe him cleane, and seeth him in white or rennish wine." Other processes are scumming, straining, clarifying; other ingredients are a pint of thick cream, powdered ginger, white sugar, and rose-water. There was Sir Hugh on parsnip cakes. He says: "Scrape or washe your parsnips cleane, slice them thinne, drie them upon canvas or networke frames, beat them to powder, mixing one third thereof with two thirds of fine wheat flower, then make up your paste into cates" (All dainties are Kates! says Shakespeare, by Petruchio), "and you shall find them very sweete and delicate." There was Sir Hugh on how to breake whites of eggs speedily. It was a difficulty in an Elizabethan kitchen evidently, for folks are told that "a figge or two shred in peeces, and then beaten amongst the whites of egges will bring them into an oylespeedily," whilst "some break them with a stubbed rod, and some by wringing them often through a sponge." There was Sir Hugh on sage ale; on mace ale; on nutmeg ale; on ale with the taste thereof sufficiently graced to your own liking by the hanging of roasted oranges prickt full of cloves in the vessell of it; but, says Sir Hugh, "if you will make aright gossip's cup that shall farre exceede all the ale that ever Mother Baneh made in her lifetime, then tunne halfe a pinte of white ipocras that is newly made with a pottle of ale, stoppe it up close, and drinke it when it is stale." There was Sir Hugh on sweete dentifrices, or rubbers, for the teeth; these to be made of gum and powdered alabaster, sweetened with rose-water, civet, or musk, and tempered with some colour that is not hurtful that they may show full of pleasing veins. They are to be made up into little round rolls, of the bigness of a child's arrow, when they will be ready for rubbing on; "but if your teeth be verie scaly," warns Sir Hugh, "let some expert barber first take off the scales with his instrument. And heere," he adds, with proper gravity, and with unexpected en-

lightenment, "by those miserable experiences that I have seene in some of my nearest friendes I am inforced to admonish all gentlewomen to be carefull howe they suffer their teeth to bee cleansed and made white with any aqua fortis, which is the barbers usuall water; for unless the same be both well delayed, and carefully applied, shee may happen within a few dressings to be forced to borrow a rancke of teeth to eat her dinner."

Going straight from this evidence of Elizabethan artificial dentistry there was Sir Hugh fearing he should raise the price of lobsters, crayfish, and others, "noted to be of no durability or lasting in warm weather," if he made known his secret of how to prolong their days. "Fishmongers," he says, "doe only now and then afford a peniworth in them;" but he overcomes his fears about extra charges, and reveals that "if you wrap the fish in sweet and coarse rags, first moistened in brine, and then burie them in Callis sand, kept in some cool and moist place, you shall find your labour well bestowed, as I know by my own experience." And there was Sir Hugh, having got so near the sea as fish might take him, going right down to it and upon it, with a conceipt of his as to "howe beefe may be carried there without that strong and violent impression of salt which is usually purchased by long and extreme powdering." "I will make bold to launch a little from the shoare," he says, "and trye what may bee done in the vaste and wide ocean, and in long and dangerous voyages, with the good leave and favour of those courteous gentlewomen for whome I did principally, if not only, intend this little treatise." Good Sir Hugh! His conceipt was to "let all the bloud bee first well gotten out of the beefe, by leaving the same some nine or tenne days in our usuall brine;" and then "to barrell up all the peeces in vessels full of holes, fastening them with roppes at the sterne of the ship, and so dragging them through the salt sea-water, which, by his infinite change and succession of water, will suffer no putrefaction!" It is clear that the "conceipter" was full of sincerity and reliance. "I dare adventure my poore credit," he declares, "that if I be allowed to carrie roasted or sodden flesh to the sea, either beefe, mutton, capons, rabbits, &c., I will preserve them for sixe whole moneths together, as fresh as wee doe now usually eat them at our tables." To which he adds: "And this I hold to bee a most singular and necessarie secret for all our

English navie, which at all times, upon reasonable termes, I will be ready to disclose for the good of my country."

"You see," edged in Parisina adroitly, unmindful of her encroachment upon time, "Sir Hugh—the nice gentleman!—had been in communication on these navy matters with Sir Francis Drake. 'Roasted beefe, kept a long time cleane and wholesome by putting it in white wine vinegar, your peeces not being over great, the whole well and close barrellled up,' had been proved to be a capital secret, or delight, of Sir Hugh's by the Armadian admiral, 'in that honourable voyage unto Cales,' known by us as Cadiz, and associated with 1587. Drake's high approval, after hard sea trial, had been given also to my old master's excellent 'oily composition, defending all iron workes from rust and canker;' and to a 'defensative, in the highest kind, of all armor, whereby it suffereth no damp either of fresh or brackish water to prevaile against it.' And does not all this make Sir Hugh Platt and his recipes of the closest interest to us? To deepen which, too, I can piece together one or two other little facts for you. Sir Francis Drake and his men on their return voyage from the Cadiz bombardment ran short of any beef, roast or sodden, white-wine-vinegared at Sir Hugh's exhortation, or otherwise. They were rescued from starvation by the naval Earl of Cumberland, himself cruising, whom they fell in with on the high seas, who victualled them, and whose wife, the countess, visited Sir Hugh Platt, in company with 'that renowned Lady Arabella, the Lady Hastings, the Lady Candish, and most of the maides of honour,' and having tasted his wine made of home-grown grapes, 'applauded the same,' as much as Sir Francis Vere, 'that martiall mirrour of our times,' had applauded it before them.

"There must be no more of this though," said Parisina regretfully. "In other words, I must leave Hugh. I am told of how to dye hair; how to gather May-dew (it was done with a sponge!); of spirit of wine being sold for a noble a pinte; of finding a glut of roses in the market, whereby they are sold for sevenpence or eightpence

the bushell; of musk sugar at two shillings the pound; of ten grains of musk to perfume eight pairs of gloves; of keeping your sugar always in good temper that it burn not into lumps or gobbets; of such implements in

Pewter and brass, and all things that belong To house and keeping,

as Grumio tells Baptista, as pipkins, brasen slices, pewter stills, copper bodies, caldrons, brasers, wooden platters. But, as Elizabeth said to Sir Hugh Platt's patron, Essex, when she found him restive, and she took from him his monopoly in wines, 'An ungovernable beast must be studied in his provender,' and here the stinting must come to me!"

When, even then, Parisina quoted from Sir Hugh Platt's rhyming epistle, or preface:

"Of marmelade, and paste of Genoa,  
Of musk'd sugar, I intend to wright,  
Of Leach, and Sucket, and Quidinia,  
Affording to each ladye her delight.  
I teach both fruits and flowers to preserve,  
And candie them, so nutmegs, cloves, and mace,  
To make both marchpane paste and sugared plate,  
And cast the same in formes of sweetest grace."

And she did not really go till she had said his last lines:

"Accept them well, and let my wearied muse  
Repose herself in ladies laps a while,  
So when she wakes, she happily may record  
Her sweetest dreams in some more pleasing stile."

**NOW READY,  
"SWEET NELLY, MY HEART'S  
DELIGHT."**

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF

"When the Ship Comes Home," "Twas in Trafalgar's  
Bay," &c., &c.

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